BY A JOCKEY'S BLUNDER

A GREAT COUP AT THE RACE-TRACK THAT FAILED.

Race in Which Dunboyne Should Have Beaten Hanover—Owner's Instructions to Garrison—"Snapper" Held Back to Make a Whirlwind Finish.

"Have you ever thought of the amount of worry, patience and skill it requires to bring a horse up to the top of condition for a special event?" said a veteran racing man.

"The general public sees the announcement of the entries for a stake in the newspapers and people go to the track and view perhaps a dozen or more splendid specimens of the thoroughbred in the paddock waiting the call of the bugle.

"Every horse has his own little band of admirers, and each of the sleek, supple bodies glistens with the polish that represents perfect health. It has taken months of careful training to obtain that bloom, and how many days of constant watchfulness and how many sleepless hours it has cost none but the trainer will ever know.

"It is not surprising, therefore, when something happens to mar the fruition of hopes nurtured for months that language helps to relieve the situation. A jockey may through carelessness or overconfidence throw away a race which with care would have been an easy victory, or there may be other circumstances, all beyond the control of the trainer—a bad start or a piece of foul riding. I recall a race many years ago which will illustrate the point I am trying to make.

"William Jennings—Maryland Jennings, to distinguish him from the Western Jennings—had planned a coup of extraordinary proportions with a three-year-old called Dunboyne, a horse regarded as a fair performer but not in the same class as Hanover and other stars of the same age. So carefully had Jennings guarded his colt's real quality that when the day for the running of the rich Realization Stakes came around and Dunboyne's name was among the entries all but a few of the Marylander's trusted friends believed that the second or third money was what he was after, and the race was regarded as a gift for the Dwyer candidate, Hanover, with young McLaughlin in the saddle.

"Hanover was a horse of a splendid turn of speed, but had a high headed climbing way of going which would make a good judge think he would not stay over a long route. He was a rank horse too, hard to control, and fought a rider from the instant the flag dropped. His nervous energy was on tap all the time, and Jennings planned shrewdly for months how he would take into camp the recognized champion of the year among the three-year-olds.

"He looked long and critically at the work of the jockeys performing that year before making a selection of a rider in the Realization, finally settling upon Garrison, then coming to the point where he commanded more money than any other rider in America. The Snapper, as Garrison was nicknamed by Father Bill Daly, who brought him out, was famous for his powers as a finisher, and Jennings believed that with a dead game horse like Dunboyne under him in the last half mile Hanover's colors would be lowered.

"Hanover because of his successes in other big events that season was penalized to the limit, while Dunboyne received all the concessions, so that while McLaughlin had a heavy lead pad under his saddle on Hanover there was nothing on Dunboyne's short stout back but 110 pounds of daredevil impudence. I was friendly with Jennings and stood within earshot of him when he gave Garrison his instructions, and in fact I had bet some money for the Master of Glingar, that being the name of the Maryland place not many miles from Baltimore where the old gentleman had his comfortable home.

"'Now, Garrison,' said he, 'Hanover's a rank going horse and they can't wait with him even if they wanted to, and I want you to lay up close enough to aggravate him. When you are five furlongs from home don't be more than two lengths away from his tail and at the half mile pole come right along. You've got a game colt under you and don't spare whip or spurs if you have to use them.'

"'All right, Pop,' was Garrison's irreverent comment as the veteran concluded his instructions, and a moment later he was in the saddle and tying a close knot just behind the ears of the little stout bulldog son of Uncas.

"Garrison rode with a shorter rein than anybody else in the world, and to my mind he was the original rider to adopt the forward seat, though his stirrups were never so short as those used by Sims, Sloan and others who followed later. There was the strongest rivalry between McLaughlin and Garrison at this time. Both had come from Bill Daly's school, but the former had long enjoyed the prestige of being the leading American jockey and he resented the pretensions of his younger rival.

"Garrison had been acclaimed invincible in the final part of a race and the Garrison finish was being taken up everywhere. It was a tempestuous, hustling rush in the last hundred yards that seemed to pick up a tired horse and carry him to victory by inches. Time and again he had snatched races out of the fire, and the public, always prone to adore the spectacular, were ready to believe almost anything possible if Garrison had the mount.

"It was only natural that the boy should become spoiled. The applause of the crowd was music to him, and there were occasions when he was accused of waiting too long in order to bring the crowd to a frenzy by the brilliancy of his horsemanship at the wire. It was this characteristic which probably made him forget the instructions he received for the guidance of Dunboyne in the Realization, for when the flag fell he took him back and permitted Hanover to dash away with a long lead.

"I sat near Jennings in the stand and there was a muttered curse in his gray beard as Hanover came tearing down the straight the first time, head in the air and almost pulling McLaughlin out of the saddle. Many lengths behind him plodded Dunboyne, his head low and Garrison well over his shoulders. There was no change for half a mile—it looked like a romp for Hanover—nor was there much difference for the next quarter save that to the expert eye McLaughlin was not sitting quite so straight on his mount, a certain indication that the chestnut colt was not pulling so hard and was probably feeling the big impost he was carrying.

"Jennings was muttering maledictions under his breath, for it seemed that nothing short of an accident or a miracle could accomplish the defeat of the favorite, whose advantage was so great that he could tire and still win. When five furlongs from home, the point where Garrison had been told to be within two lengths of Hanover, there was not less than twenty lengths between the leader and his pursuer. Then something happened.

"Garrison set sail with Dunboyne and the crowd shouted in amazement as the little bay bore down upon his adversary. He seemed fairly to fly, so swift was his advance, and the cry arose that Dunboyne would win. He overhauled Hanover rapidly, but the distance was short and the gap seemed insurmountable.

"McLaughlin turned in his saddle at the head of the stretch and one fleeting look told him that the situation called for all the skill at his command. He knew that he had a tired but game horse under him and for a hundred yards he steadied him, slackening his pace so perceptibly that many thought the favorite had broken down. He was husbanding the dying energies of his mount as only the master reinsman could, giving him a brief breathing spell, and when the furlong pole had been passed and Dunboyne was only four or five lengths away McLaughlin clenched his teeth, shook the bit in Hanover's mouth and called on the superb son of Hindu for the courage a long line of indomitable ancestors had transmitted to him.

"Gallantly the big chestnut responded, and struggling valiantly the two horses came to the wire. Garrison was now spurring and riding like a fiend and straight as a chalk line was the pathway pursued by Dunboyne. McLaughlin knew better than to whip Hanover, who would do his best, needing no other incentive than the rallying calls of his rider or the sight of the black muzzle so close to his flanks.

"I was one of thousands on my feet and shouting till my throat pained as the colts ran through that final hundred yards. Dunboyne gained relentlessly. Garrison's knee touched McLaughlin's in the last stride, and the noses of the colts nodded in the final jump as they flattened out for the judges' decision.

"Jennings was on his feet in the last desperate rally, and as they passed the wire he gave me a mighty blow on the chest. It seemed five minutes before Hanover's number was signalled and then I turned to look for Jennings; he had disappeared.

"I soon saw him elbowing his way through the throng at the rail and I was at his side when the colts came back to the stand to dismount. Hanover's nostrils flared till you could stick your clenched fist into them and his flanks heaved distressingly. McLaughlin was as tired as his horse. As for Dunboyne, he was what his owner had claimed him to be—dead fit, and he blew no more than would be expected after such a contest. Garrison, who had ridden a truly demoniac five furlongs, smiled in Jennings's face as he tossed his whip to his valet and said between breaths:

"'A little short to-day, Pop. Another workout and I'd have walked in. Next time I ride him it'll be different.'

"'The next time you ride him!' sputtered Jennings in a fury. 'You've thrown your leg over a horse of mine for the last time.'

"Could you blame him? All the months of planning the campaign, the humiliation of having the best horse at the weights beaten, and a matter of more than $50,000 in good, hard money in stake and wagers thrown away for the sake of a whirlwind finish."

FIGURE SKATING.

Modern Methods Date From the Discovery of the Compound Turns.

Modern figure skating began with the discovery of the compound turns, the rocker, counter and bracket. Up to the '60s of last century the simple turns of the common "three" alone were in use, and of these only the forward varieties.

The counter, originally styled the rocking turn, was worked out in England by H. E. Vandervell, and possibly the rocker itself. The knowledge of these essential movements soon spread among Continental skaters, and thus a great impetus was given both to English and to Continental skating.

It was perhaps the very rarity of ice skating that stimulated the first great boom in roller skating during the '60s and '70s. Before Plimpton invented the inclined axle roller skating was incapable of development, says the *Spectator*. This invention both popularized the pastime and led ice skaters to test its capacity as an art. It was found that practically all ice movements were possible on rollers, and a good deal of valuable pioneer work was done. For instance, it was on rollers that Mr. Witham first skated the bracket. A good many skaters also laid the foundations of their own skill in the roller rinks.

By a queer coincidence the decline of roller skating due to social causes toward the end of the '70s was followed by a series of hard winters. The new discoveries and the recent practice were tested and developed with extraordinary vigor. By the middle of the '80s we see modern figure skating in its completed form.

The standard reached in both styles more than twenty years ago has hardly been improved upon except in the elaboration of detail and organization, not to mention a more exact knowledge of the principles of the art. A suggestion was made for the approximation of the two styles, the English and the Continental, now the international. This was not adopted.

If descriptive adjectives are to be employed, "artificial" would apply better than "natural" to the poses of the international school. These "gestures" of the body are not expressions of abandon; each is the result of elaborate calculation. Similarly the English skater, when once on an edge, must resist every departure from a statuesque immobility, for his aim is to retain his speed as long as possible while pivoted on a point of balance.

Temperament perhaps is the chief factor in the choice between the two styles. But if the beginner aspires to the perfection of control over the medium he hopes to conquer, let him learn the English methods first. Mastery of the secrets of the permanent balance is the best introduction to the difficulties of the instantaneous. Some of the finest exponents of the English style have subsequently achieved greatness in the international, but the converse is unknown.

It is strange how few, whether on steel blades or aluminum wheels, get beyond the elements. It is perhaps the first step that costs, that on to a definite edge. Here, as all through the skater's art, the secret is attention to balance. A long edge at high speed is quite different from other modes of motion, particularly in the sensation it involves.

The feeling of a simple turn, say the forward three, is a wonderfully complex pleasure. That of a rocker made on a curve of fifty yards is worth living for. The sudden switch onto the second curve has been compared to the swerve of a swallow's flight. It is probably much more exciting. Combined skating, fast and rhythmical, supplies the delights of motion in a cumulative form.

The National Skating Association has published with a reprint of the revised code for combined figures a code for combined hand in hand skating. Here is the triumph of still another branch of the art. Six years ago little was known of hand in hand skating, except a few simple scuds and the hand in hand rocker. The intricacies involved are naturally considerable and code words like side by side, link, echelon, swing, twist, apart are assrnecely multiplied. But precision is secured by an ample vocabulary, as has been proved in the case of the revised calling for combined figures.

EARLY AERONAUTS.

Experiments Made by Dominican Monks—Studies in Air Navigation.

The Middle Ages, just because so full of childlike wonderment, often essayed a "conquest of the air." Albert the Great and Friar Bacon in no few places had something to say on sailing in the air which looks for all the world like prophecy.

In the sixteenth century we read of an Italian who came to Scotland with the purpose of making a flight from Stirling Castle to France, with the aid of wings. His inglorious failure, which cost him his legs, furnished the Scotch poet Dunbar with a theme for one of his most sardonic satires. In 1625 Fleyden, a stately German professor from Tübingen, published a lecture on aerial flight which inspired an ambitious monk with the desire to reduce the theory to practice; and he too broke both his legs. And so of many others.

Albert of Saxony, an Augustinian monk, in his commentaries on Aristotle maintained, says the Rev. M. T. Schwertner in the *Dominican Year Book*, that since fire is lighter than air it would be possible to be carried upward if a sufficient quantity of this ethereal substance could be enclosed in a globe. And Francis Mendoza, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1678 embraced this theory, as did also his German confrère, Caspar Schott; both, however, added some original observations of their own which are not without worth, at least for the history of science. But it was only in 1670 that the first real scientific approach to a solution of the problem was given to the world in the "Prodromo dell' Arte Maestra" of the Jesuit Francis Lana, which was published at Brescia.

The principles here outlined are both original and sound, though their application is impracticable. Lana suggested that four copper globes of the lightest possible weight and thickness be constructed from which all air should be displaced. These balls should measure twenty-five feet in diameter and one-two-hundred-and-twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness, and thus their ascensional force would be twelve thousand pounds. This would amply suffice to lift the four balls in the air, and with them a boat and sails, which latter would serve as propellers.

Of course it was soon pointed out that no globe of the desired size and thickness could be constructed sufficiently strong to support the weight, nor yet to sustain the enormous pressure of the globes from within and the atmospheric pressure from without. And so the theory was rejected. It is only in our day that Lana has received the full meed of praise to which he is entitled for his sound principles and startling originality.

No other written discussion on aeronautics worth mentioning followed upon that of Lana until 1783, when Joseph Galien published an anonymous brochure of eighty-seven pages on the subject at Avignon. By some curious fate Galien has been set down as a Jesuit by so sharp a bibliographer as Charles Sommervogel, the continuer of the De Backer brothers' history of the writers of the Society of Jesus.

Galien was born in 1699 at St. Paulien, in southern France. He entered the Dominican Order at Le Puy, not far from his home, and studied philosophy and theology at Avignon with such success that as early as 1726 we find him professor of the former in the convent of Bordeaux. For two years he taught the same subject in the University of Avignon, and later on was professor of theology for four years in the same place.

He published some learned works on philosophical subjects, and also a brochure on electricity which deserves to be studied at this day as one of the first and ablest discussions of the question. In 1755 he published anonymously a work on meteors, hailstorms and aerial navigation, which work he himself styled an "amusement physique et géométrique." But he was taken quite seriously by his contemporaries, so much so that two years later he reedited this work over his own name, under the caption "The Art of Sailing in the Air."

He must have possessed an illimitable fund of humor, for this second edition did not pretend to be anything else than a mere fanciful speculation. In the preface of this work he gives us a dissertation on hailstorms which contains some shrewd observations. Then he treats of his airship. This should be a large, cube shaped vessel, constructed of strong canvas of double thickness. Wax and tar was to be plastered over this and then covered with leather.

The whole ship was to be reenforced with ropes and riggings thirty feet long. Its edge was to be 6,500 feet and each surface about 42,250,000 feet in area. We must not forget that Galien had in mind a ship large enough to transport an army with accessories and supplies from Avignon to Africa.

This ship, if it was to rise at all, would have to ascend to the altitude of the hailstorm atmospheric strata, since, he shrewdly observes, the air in that belt is higher than water. The top of the colossus would have to penetrate the strata above the hail belt, where the atmosphere, as he rightly says, is one thousand times lighter.

This booklet of the Avignon professor contains many shrewd hints. Galien shows in many places that he knows whereof he speaks. But he must certainly have been joking when he suggested the building of an airship larger than the city of Avignon. Perhaps he was only trying to make ridiculous the scientific self-sufficiency of his contemporaries. That seems to me the best explanation of the book. He is simply poking fun at the men who think that there is nothing in nature which cannot be mastered and fathomed; and yet he does not speak as one who disbelieved the possibility of the aerial feat. Hence we need not be surprised that Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, who invented the balloon a few years later, borrowed ideas from Galien, as they did from Priestley's "Experiments Relating to Different Kinds of Air." The Montgolfier brothers were neighbors of Galien's and must have consulted him. Probably they learned from him not to trust themselves to the mighty chariot, for Stephen never left terra firma, just as Galien and Joseph only made one ascent.

In our own day Padre Blanca, a Spanish Dominican, has discovered some new things in aeronautics and has secured patents for at least two of his inventions.

Fur Catch in the Far North.

Edmonton correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

That circumstances in the North point to one of the smallest fur catches on record is the report brought by travellers and traders who have been through those districts where the largest fur catches are usually made.

Caribou are more plentiful this winter than ever before, and it is easy for the Indians and Eskimos to kill them and supply themselves with meat for the winter. For this reason these Northern natives, who are naturally a lazy lot, prefer to sit around to tramping through the snow looking after their traps. So the caribou meat is allowed to take the place of the bacon and other provisions they would receive from the traders for their furs.

Early in the winter rat skins were selling for $1 per dozen at Fort Smith and other pelts low in proportion, and these prices are not enticing to trappers when the thermometer is all the way from 30 to 55 below zero. Fur of all kinds is plentiful in the North this winter, so these conditions will give the animals a chance to multiply and recover from the inroads made upon their tribes during past winters.

RUSSIAN FURS HIGHER.

Industry of Siberian Exiles Cutting Down the Supply.

Translated from the Russkoye Slovo.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the principal supplier of fur to the world's market is our Siberia. Therefore from time immemorial the prices of fur at the Siberian fairs have served as a barometer to the world's market.

One of the largest Siberian fairs is that held in the summer at Yakutsk, with a circulationl of millions of rubles. This fair continues for two months, and thereto come fur traders from the most distant points in Siberia, bringing all that has been obtained by them during the protracted winter. Telegrams giving the result of this fair state that the prices of furs have risen, compared with last year's prices, more than 50 per cent.

Referring to data concerning the Yakutsk fair for the last ten years, it is possible to clearly define the present position the fur trade occupies. In 1900 5,000 sable skins were brought to the fair at a price of 7 rubles ($3.61) each; this year only 2,000 skins were listed and at a price of 160 rubles ($82.40) each. In 1900 1,200,000 squirrel skins were sold at 20 kopecks (10 cents) each; this year only 75,000 skins were sold, but at 75 kopecks (39 cents) each.

The vast number of Siberian exiles live mainly on their abilty to trap in those regions without molestation on the part of the authorities, and as a consequence fur bearing animals are not multiplying as fast as they are trapped. This decimation has been going on for many years, with the result that furs are becoming scarce and the prices are soaring.

Siberian Wild Flowers.

From America.

Siberia seems to have a set programme for her flowers, which are beautiful in variety and coloring. September gathers the blue flowers to her bosom, and under her languid and caressing touch blossom myriads of dainty bluebells on long and tender stems.

In the rocky soil of the hilltops blue scabiosa shares its playground with dark blue snapdragon, and in the shady spots of the road grow, tall and hardy, purple blue chrysanthemums.

Earlier in summer yellow holds sway—buttercups, daisies and violets, and after them red-pinks and very deep briar roses. Delicious jam is concocted from the seedpods of the wild rose.

When summer comes an array of jars and glasses and a big kettle join hands with hat boxes and shoe bags and travel countryward. A temporary stove is built of stones not far from the house, and here simmers slowly the year's provision of preserves and jams and jellies, absorbing at the same time great doses of sun and fresh air.